

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1886.

NO. 166.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

**PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS**  
—AT—  
**82 PER ANNUM, CASH,**  
understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be ex-  
pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

**Kind Advice Appreciated.**

Editor and Prohibitionist P. Hall Packer, of Sebright, recently wrote a letter of advice to James G. Blaine, and has just received a reply. Following are the letters:

HON. JAMES G. ELAINE.—Dear Sir: As a friend and admirer of you as a republican statesman, and one who worked hard and faithfully to secure your election to the Presidency, allow me to suggest that you at once drop denouncing the prohibitionists, or you will bury the republican party so deep that resurrection will be impossible. As all good citizens know, the prohibition cause is just and right, and is rapidly progressing. New Jersey will give the Prohibition Gubernatorial candidate this fall over 30,000 votes, of which 20,000 at least will be drawn from the republican party.

For God's sake advise our party to come out square for prohibition! We need a new issue, and on this alone we can win both State and nation. Let our party, which has always been the party of reform and progress, take up this question, as they did slavery, and settle it forever. Yours truly,  
P. HALL PACKER.

P. HALL PACKER, Esq.—My Dear Sir: You're off at last. Thanks for your very kind advice. Yours very respectfully,  
JAMES G. BLAINE.

BAT HAMON, Sept. 20.

*But I Love to Saw.*

I love poorly well to saw old male shan-  
der for young man. Dast shows dhey  
will never make them young man unhappy.  
Lines by gotten married with em.

I love poorly well to saw young man  
abandon around a church door, ven dor  
beebles was comin out. Dat shows dhey  
was been on der place.

I love poorly well to saw young man  
walk der street ofer, and been poorly late  
out on der nite. Dat shows dhey had some  
couragousness.

I love to saw young shandmans during  
whisky and git drunk like donder. Then  
he delle ederying vat knows about and  
you found it poor quick out.

I love to saw young viennens and man  
dark and late in mornin. Dat shows dhey  
had fine feelings, and dhoak some interest-  
ness in dings dat was seriousness.

I love to saw babbler make trouble mit  
mine piessness. Dat causes von dhore. Ite  
mit me, und how I got along.

I love to saw some beebles fit and make  
bumpage on Sunsay. Dat was a sign dhey  
got more as a purrel of regardt von day  
cudi.

I love to hear von shpuk e'er tay pad  
annudder von. Dat was a shure ting dhey  
base got a goot reubuation dhemselves.

D. N. WILLIAMS.  
CINCINNATI.

One, van I see the republications of the 8th  
Congressional district have pitched up a  
man against G. M. Creasy for Congress.  
Fellow, you hal better not venture too far  
in that direction. The Governor is very  
popular and even in Laurel, as republican  
as it is, he is going to pull a large vote in  
November, and don't you forget it!

D. N. WILLIAMS.  
CINCINNATI.

How To KEEP CIDER SWEET.—Pure  
sweet cider that is arrested in the process  
of fermentation before it becomes acetic  
acid or alcohol, and with carbonic acid gas  
worked out, is one of the most delightful  
beverages. The following scientific method  
of treating cider preserves its sweetness:  
When the saccharine matter by fermenta-  
tion are being converted into alcohol, if a  
bent tube be inserted air tight into the  
bung, with the other end into a pail of wa-  
ter, to allow the carbonic acid gas evolved  
to pass off without admitting any air into  
the barrel, a beverage will be obtained  
that is fit for the gods. A handy way  
is to fill your cask nearly up to the faucet  
when the cask is rolled so that the bung is  
down. Get a common rubber tube and  
slip it over the end of the plug in the faucet,  
with the other end in the pail. Then  
turn the plug so the cider can have  
communication with the pail. After the water  
ceases to bubble, bathe or store away.—  
[Farm, Field and Fireside.]

THEY NEVER STRIKE.—There is a class  
of people in this country who get up at five  
o'clock in the morning and who never get  
back into bed until ten or eleven o'clock  
at night; who work without ceasing the  
whole of that time, and receive no other  
remuneration than food and plainest cloth-  
ing. They understand something of every  
branch of economy and labor, from finance  
to cooking. Though harassed by a hundred  
responsibilities, though driven and  
worried, though reproached and looked  
down upon, they never revolt; and they  
can not organize for their own protection.  
Not even sickness relieves them from their  
pose. No sacrifice is deemed too great for  
them to make, and no incompetency in any  
branch of their work is excused. No es-  
says or books or poems are written in trib-  
ute to their steadfastness. They die in the  
barrels and are enplaned as quickly as  
may be. These are the house-keeping  
wives of the laboring men.—[Chicago Show  
and Leather Auditorium.]

There is this difference between the  
zealot and the religious man: The first  
spends his time battling for his particular  
creed, the latter spends his in living an  
upright life; the one despises all but him  
and his to hell, the other prays salvation  
for all mankind.—[Wallace Steele.]

## Letter From Laurel.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

McWHORTER, Oct. 5.—As I have been  
quartered in this portion of Laurel county  
for a month and having been to a consider-  
able extent associated with quite a number  
of its citizens, and on leisure days traversed  
the country over, I wish to say something  
of the citizens and of the section up this  
way. The people are of the most hospita-  
ble nature, kind and obliging one to an-  
other, frugal and industrious; quiet and  
peaceable, and little or no trouble brews  
among them. The late-arriving to their  
doors always hang upon the outside of  
their dwellings, and though he be a stran-  
ger in their midst, he is ever a welcome  
guest and the kindest and best of attention  
is given him. A kinder and more friendly  
people do not inhabit any part of the earth.  
The finest and best of timber and in great  
abundance abounds here, and the whole  
country is interlaced with the best of stone  
coal from 3 to 4 feet in thickness. The  
soil is good, the land producing from 6 to  
10 barrels of corn to the acre, and wheat,  
oats and the various grasses grow well and  
are quite remunerative to the farmer. As  
all good citizens know, the prohibition  
cause is just and right, and is rapidly pro-  
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bition Gubernatorial candidate this fall  
over 30,000 votes, of which 20,000 at least  
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er, of Sebright, recently wrote a letter of  
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## CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

Our public and high schools have been  
united and are now being taught in the  
College building. Some 90 odd pupils have  
been enrolled on the books. Mrs. Tarrant  
has employed Miss Elmhurst, of Louisville,  
to assist her; the latter teaching the public  
school and the former the collegiate de-  
partment.

Miss Mollie Brooks will begin giving  
art lessons to a class of young ladies at her  
home next week. She is a fine artist and  
all who desire to take lessons would do well  
to patronize her. A few days ago we were  
shown a large picture which she is now  
painting in oil on canvas which will be a  
wonderful specimen of her talent and ability.

On set Tuesday night, after a lingering  
illness of consumption, Mrs. Sam Hazel-  
ton entered the world of spirits. Her re-  
mains were taken to Lancaster on Wednes-  
day and interred in the cemetery there.  
She leaves a husband and three little chil-  
dren to mourn her departure; but not as  
those who mourn without hope, for they  
have the sweet assurance that she was pre-  
pared for death and ready to answer the  
Master's call.

The meeting at the Christian church  
still continues. We have large congrega-  
tions and much interest is manifested, tho'  
no confessions yet. All who have heard  
Mr. Montgomery preach are well pleased  
with him. Mr. Slim Cook has kindly placed  
an organ in the church to be used during  
the meeting. The members are seri-  
ously thinking of purchasing it to use all  
the time. Miss Annie Holmes presides as  
organist and the sweet music adds much to  
the interest of the meeting, which will con-  
tinue until next Sunday.

The Northern Methodist Conference  
closed its session at Lexington this week  
and will meet next time in Greenup. In  
this district G. N. Jolly, who will live at  
Middleburg, is appointed presiding elder;  
H. D. Burnett goes to Highland; J. M.  
Oliver to Middleburg; B. E. Whittemore to  
Mintonville; Frederick Gruber to Nic-  
holasville and W. H. Childers to Somerset.  
Jacob Halpenny was sent to London and  
S. F. Kelley to Williamsburg.

The Lutheran Oberer joins with other  
newspapers in advocating changing the  
time for the national Thanksgiving Day  
from "bleak November to golden October."

It says that November was chosen by the  
Puritans to bring the day near the Christ-  
mas time that it might like the place of  
that festival, in which they were opposed.

But now that all christians observe Christmas  
there is no reason for appointing Thanksgiving Day so late in the year.

—Mr. George James has returned from  
Louisville with a new stock of goods. Mr.  
D. C. Payne has opened a new grocery in  
the corner store-room of the Harris House.  
Rev. Mr. Duncan and wife are boarders at  
Mrs. Barker's and not at Mr. Ward's, as re-  
ported last week. Mrs. Eliot Carson has  
rented rooms from Mrs. Clara Singleton and  
gone to housekeeping. Mrs. Tarrant has  
rented and moved into Miss Jennie  
Bachman's house on Lancaster street, op-  
posite the College.

—Mrs. Lucien Linsley, who has been con-  
fined to her bed for over a week, is now  
able to sit up. Mr. Joe Brooks is down  
with fever, but improving at this writing.  
Lt. Scott is quite ill and in a very critical  
condition. We are glad to report that Miss  
Sally Green is fast recovering from a se-  
vere fall from her horse several days ago.  
While crossing the creek the horse's foot  
slipped, thus throwing Miss Sally from the  
saddle. Her shoulder was dislocated and  
she suffered greatly from the fall tho'  
not seriously.

—Mr. Robert Collier and his pretty  
bride are now boarding at Mr. Mack  
Holmes', but intend to go to housekeeping  
in a short time. When the news reached  
here that they had been married in Stan-  
ford, it created quite a sensation. Mr.  
Henry Fulmer and Miss Lura Dores ac-  
companied them and what surprised us most  
was that there were not two weddings in  
stead of one. Although rather late, we ex-  
pect the bride and groom our hearty  
congratulations and wish for them hap-  
piness, prosperity and long life.

—Mr. Frank Fox, of Danville, spent a  
day or two here this week. His visits are  
becoming quite frequent and if Midian  
Rumor be correct he will soon take from  
our midst one of our loveliest young ladies.  
Will our young men permit this? Also  
Mr. Hinman, Deville, paid C. O. a flying  
visit. He had better be careful, else a  
Crow will attack him. Mr. and Mrs. John  
Buckman have gone on a visit to relatives in  
Vermont. Miss Annie Scott, of Jessamine,  
is the guest of Miss Bellie Living-  
ton. Mr. and Mrs. George McRoberts, of  
Rush Branch, spent several days this week  
with Mrs. W. T. Stephenson. Mrs. Jael  
Cooper is visiting in Mt. Vernon. Mrs.  
W. T. Green, who formerly lived here, has  
arrived and will spend the winter with Mrs.  
Mary Carson. They are now visiting in  
Danville. Miss Nannie Kennedy is the  
guest of Mrs. Robert Collier. Miss Maggie  
Newland is spending a few days with Mrs.  
John Bailey. Miss Kate Robinson is the  
guest of Mrs. Faunie Elmoist. Mr. Por-  
ter Robinson and family have moved to  
Mrs. Logan's near Stanford. Our people  
sincerely regret their having moved from  
here.

NUMBER OF HAIRS IN A HEAD.—An  
eminent German has undergone the enormous  
labor of counting the number of hairs  
in heads of four different colors. In a  
blonde he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown,  
109,410; in a black, 102,902, and in a red  
one, 88,740. What the red and black heads  
wanted in number of hairs was made up,  
however, in the greater bulk of the hairs  
individually, and in all probability the  
scallops were all pretty equal in weight. It  
is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs  
that blonde tresses owe the rich color and  
silky-like character of their flavor, a circum-  
stance which artists have so loved to dwell  
upon.—[Chicago Tribune.]

—Did you know that a cigar dealer vio-  
lates the law nearly every time you buy a  
cigar?" asked an officer of a *Gazette* repre-  
sentative the other day.

"Well, no, I did not know it," was the  
scribe's response. "How does he do it?"

"Just this way," pursued the officer.

"You call for a cigar, the dealer takes a

handful from the box, spreads them out be-  
fore you, and after you have selected what

you want he returns the remainder to the  
box. This is a violation of the law. The  
dealer has no right to return those cigars  
to the box, and he could be punished for  
it."

A paper at Winston, N. C., publishes a  
card by a young lady which sets forth that  
her fiance having broken the engagement  
between them, "had engaged himself to a  
woman whose husband had been dead only  
three months," she feels called on to say to  
the public that "during the engagement he  
borrowed money from me, which he never  
paid back, pretending to buy land with it.  
I don't want him and wouldn't have him  
since I have found him out."

## RELIGIOUS.

E. D. J. S. Sweeney has been elected for  
the 17th year to fill the pulpit of the Chris-  
tian church at Paris.

We received a telegram from Louisa-  
ville yesterday from Elder John Bell Gib-  
son stating that a protracted meeting will  
begin at the Christian church next Sunday.  
E. D. G. W. Yancey, of Lancaster, will as-  
sist the pastor in the services.

At the trial of Elder Jasper Grubbs be-  
fore the Christian Church, of Sugar Creek,  
he was acquitted, though the opinion of the  
church was that he was indecent. The of-  
fense consisted of lying down in a state-  
room on the steamer Hornet with a young  
lady with whom he was traveling and who  
was in his charge.—[Cincinnati Democrat.]

—Rev. J. E. Triplett will preach at Mc-  
Kinney next Saturday morning and on  
Sunday morning and night. The sacra-  
ment of the Lord's Supper will be cele-  
brated after the morning sermon on Sun-  
day and all Christians are most cordially  
invited to participate. These will be the  
last sermons preached at McKinney before  
he leaves for his new field of labor in Al-  
abama.

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Stanford, Ky., - - - October 8, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.  
For Congress,  
JAMES B. MCCREARY.  
Of Madison.

The democrats of the 6th Kentucky are of the true blue, dyed-in-the-wool sort and they know how to express themselves on the great questions of the day. They met in convention at Newport Tuesday to nominate a candidate for Congress, and they did so in the person of that tried and true statesman, Hon. John G. Carlisle. They also adopted a platform which is the very essence of democratic faith and teaching. Among other planks is one "maintaining that there is no authority under the Federal Constitution for disbursing the money from the Federal Treasury to the States, or to the people of the States for any other purpose whatever except in discharge of legal obligations of the government incurred in the public defense." That arrant demagogue, Senator Berry, who has the gubernatorial buzzes so continuously in his bonnet that he runs off after everything that he thinks will be popular with the masses, whether it is right or not, made a set speech in opposition to the passage of the above, but he and three others of a like ilk were all that could be found in the convention to vote against it. This is a direct stand against the republican measure of Federal aid to State schools; a scheme devised by Senator Blair to centralise power, absorb the surplus and so keep up a war tariff in times of peace, and the adoption of the resolution by so unanimous a vote is a subject of congratulation to every democrat who does not wish to see the Constitution overridden and the treasury raided under the guise of aiding education.

The New York Sun continues to find fault with Cleveland and abuse Garland. In its Monday's issue it says: There is one offensive partisan, whom it is the President's duty to get rid of at once, and, in doing so, he would be sustained by his party and by honest men generally. The Hon. Augustus H. Garland, Attorney General, is an offensive partisan of the Pan-Electric stock—offensive to all men with nice sense of honor and most injurious to the administration and the democratic party. Mr. Garland has just returned to Washington, after an absence of two months. The best thing Mr. Cleveland can do for the administration is to ask Mr. Garland to stay in Arkansas permanently.

JUDGE HALSELL seems to be disposed to accept any fair means of settling the纠纷 between him and Mr. Rhea and if the latter fails to accept one of the three propositions that he makes, upon him must rest the responsibility of the election of a republican Congressman in the 3d district. The Judge has proposed that each submit his claim to the democrats of Edmonson and Allen, from which come contesting delegations, abide the decision of the State Central Committee or agree upon any fair means of settling the matter. It is to be hoped for the sake of party harmony and party success that Rhea will accept one of these very fair proposals.

The little handful of office-seeking republicans which met at Danville Tuesday to nominate a candidate for Congress passed some big sounding resolutions for so small a body: Among them is one reciting that the democratic party has failed to accomplish its mission; another declares for protection; a third demands that the tax on tobacco be abolished; a fourth endorses Federal aid to schools and the fifth protests against the employment of convict labor outside the walls of the penitentiary. The government ought to stop for a few days to fix these things up.

In the last issue of the Richmond Herald Mr. B. J. Newton announces that he has sold the paper to Messrs. S. D. Parries and P. H. Sullivan, two capable and popular young men, and bids farewell to his readers and brethren of the quill. He does not speak of his future intentions, but we hope he has not determined to eschew journalism. He is too well fitted for the business and too universally esteemed by the craft to retire from a profession he has honored by an upright and manly course for years that he has performed its exacting duties.

The bitter struggle for the Congressional nomination in the Louisville district will end to-morrow, after which we hope the papers of that city will present some few things of interest to the outside world. We also hope that they can print that Caruth has won the nomination and we believe they will be able to do so.

SOME twenty-five republicans met in Danville Tuesday, and after nominating Cash Clay for Congress, who declined with thanks, they bid upon Capt. Todd, of Shelby, who was found to be willing to become a target for Gov. McCreary. The Captain is probably the greatest unknown.

The New York Court of Appeals has confirmed the sentence of ex Alderman Jaschne to the penitentiary and the other boodle alderman, who plundered the city, are trembling in their boots. Several are already under indictment for the same offense for which Jaschne suffers.

The Knights of Labor in session at Richmond, Va., are considerably stirred up over the negro question, which threatens to cause a split in the ranks of the organization. This is absolutely too sad entire-

FRANKFORT celebrated her centennial Wednesday by the firing of cannon, parading and spectrifying. There were 15,000 people in the sleepy old city, which seemed to have awoken from her Rip Van Winkle nap, and they were welcomed in an address by Judge Lindsey. John Mason Brown delivered a memorial address; Maj. Henry T. Stanton and others read poems; and Gov. Bishop and Crittenden and Senator Vest made short speeches. Afterwards the vast crowd charged on 1,500 gallons of burgoo and other palatable comestibles and captured and conquered them. The old lady can now resume her nap, consoled with the fact that for once she did herself proud.

CRADDOCK expresses regret that Wiggins' prediction failed to materialize, because he is so old that he will have to go in a few years and prefers to have lots of company to lay in the cold ground by himself with his hair dancing a jig on his grave, delighted to have his hard earned money to spend. But then the Colonel is a very selfish man.

The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette is one of the ablest edited papers as well as the newest in the country. We do not like its politics but we do admire its enterprise in getting all the news and presenting it in the most attractive form. It is a good paper for anybody to take and to the republican reader it is almost indispensable.

HALSELL's majority over Holliday in the 3d in 1884 was 2,447, but Dr. Hunter, who will be the republican nominee, will go in this time by 5,000 if Rhea persists in his ruinous course. He ought to have enough desire for democratic success to accept one of the three proposals of Halsell.

The speech of Senator Joe Blackburn in reply to that of John Sherman is published in full in yesterday's Courier-Journal. It is chock full of sound and good democratic doctrine and is well worth a careful perusal and pondering!

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—There are now over sixty million silver dollars in circulation.

—The majority in Todd county in favor of prohibition was 734.

—Muhlenberg has joined the growing army of prohibition counties in the State.

—John G. Carlisle was renominated for Congress in the 6th district by acclamation.

—The one and two dollar silver certificates are said to be the most artistic paper money ever issued.

—It is said that Mrs. Langtry got \$600 for signing her name to a certificate praising a certain kind of soap.

—The treasury receipts in September amounted to \$31,686,701, and in the first quarter of the fiscal year to \$39,518,999.

—Fully half of the counties in the State have voted against the legal sale of whisky and the other half will follow suit in due time.

—The city of Charleston will ask the State Legislature to loan her \$5,000,000 to assist in restoring the place to its former status.

—Gallatin, Tenn., has just suffered a \$60,000 fire. The fire originated in Tomkin Opera House and it and several adjacent buildings were destroyed.

—Two hundred thousand dollars in silver dollars, halves and quarters arrived at the Cincinnati sub treasury Monday. The installment weighs about 6 tons.

—The log house in which the war of the rebellion was declared ended by Gen. Grant has been sold and will be removed from Virginia and set up at Grant's tomb.

—The boilers of the Steamer Macocca exploded on the Mississippi river, killing 11 persons and injuring 15 others. The boat was valued at \$150,000 and is a total wreck.

—Col. Thomas Todd, of Shelby, the only two persons convicted of felony at the late term of the Circuit Court, were taken to Frankfort Wednesday. The former goes three years for manslaughter, the latter one year for obtaining money by false pretenses.

—Dr. Clopton, an old physician and specialist, who used to come to Danville something near a thousand years ago, is in town. It is said that Col. W. F. Evans will never forget him, and that the late Wm. Brewer retained a vivid recollection of him as long as he lived. Dr. Clopton is a dignified old gentleman and a good physician.

—Rev. Malcolm Ayres, a colored preacher of the Christian church has bought Geo. W. Doneghy's property on West Lexington street for \$2,100. Malcolm has lived in Lexington for a number of years past. In slave times he belonged to the late Dr. Samuel Ayres, of this place. He is a good preacher and a man of influence among his people.

—The marriage of Professor W. K. Argos, of the State Institute for Deaf Mutes, and Miss Belle Chenault, of Louisville, is announced to take place at the residence of Mr. Richard Givens', the bride's grandfather, this evening at 6 o'clock. The bride is a daughter of Professor William Chenault, of the Louisville Law School. Rev. C. H. B. Martin, D. D., of the Second Presbyterian Church, is to perform the ceremony.

—Mr. B. F. Phillips returned last night from Newport, where he has been visiting his little daughter, who fell and broke her arm. He reports her doing well. Hon. Wm. H. Tarr and Miss Fannie Tarr, of Wellsburg, W. Va., are visiting Rev. and Mrs. R. G. Noland at the Clemens House. Mr. Tarr is the father and Miss Tarr the sister of Mrs. Noland. Mrs. Wm. Warren will leave to day on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Pittman, of St. Louis.

—Horse racing in New York State seems to have had its day. The great fall meeting of the Jerome Park Association has been discontinued on account of the refusal of the authorities to allow betting on the horses.

—The Knights of Labor in session at Richmond, Va., are considerably stirred up over the negro question, which threatens to cause a split in the ranks of the organization. This is absolutely too sad entire-

## GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

### Lancaster.

—Geo. Pollard and Miles Little Easley, both of Garrard, were licensed to wed Monday.

—H. R. Elkins, of Rockcastle, and Miss Fannie Clegg, of Garrard, were married by Rev. Goodloe at the clerk's office Thursday.

—Capt. T. K. Hackley, a prominent and highly respected citizen of this county, living near Paint Lick, was crushed to death by the K. C. train.

—The remains of J. Owsley Dunn, of Richmond, were interred in our cemetery Wednesday evening. Deceased was well and favorably known in this county.

—A wandering tribe of Turks were in town Monday with a couple of performing bears and a countless number of peacocks which were slung across the back of a mule.

—Mrs. Almira Burnside, a most estimable lady of this county, died Thursday morning at 8 o'clock. Deceased was the mother of Mr. E. H. Burnside, of Stanford, and Messrs. James, Joseph and Allen Burnside, of Garrard.

—Eb Cooley, charged with the killing of George Scott, had his examining trial before Squire J. S. Robinson, Tuesday, and was discharged. The evidence proved conclusively that Cooley acted in self-defense.

—Rev. Geo. O. Barnes and family arrived Tuesday and are staying at the Miller House. Mr. Barnes preached his first sermon Wednesday morning to a large audience. Beginning with to-morrow (Saturday) the morning services will be discontinued and meetings held at night instead.

—Mrs. B. M. Burdett is visiting her parents in Mason county. Rev. W. S. Grinstead was in town Monday. Mr. J. C. Thompson has gone East to lay in his supply of novelties for the holidays. Mr. Back Henry, who was thrown by a vicious horse some weeks ago and seriously injured, continues very ill. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Grinnan, of St. Louis, are guests of Mrs. Dr. Bush. Dr. F. O. Young, of Lexington, was in town Tuesday. Mr. Peyton W. Smith, of this county, was married Thursday to Mrs. Martha W. Smith, of Boyle. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride and was performed by Rev. R. R. Noel.

—There floats from the cupola of the Court-House a blood-red banner, 20 feet in length, with the word "Prohibition" printed thereon. A similar one, only smaller, is on the engine-house. On the street corners and around the stoves in the stores are little knots of men discussing the temperance question. In fact it is the all-absorbing topic just now in Lancaster. The good ladies realising that but little time is left to work, are moving heaven and earth to carry on the local-option. Mrs. Nield, Mrs. Hulcey, Rev. Mr. Barney and the Rev. H. Barry, colored, are kept busily engaged speaking to audiences all over the district. The other side is not idle, you may be sure. They also are working and both sides are confident of victory when the vote is counted Saturday night. We do not wish to pose as the 7th son of a prophet, but would like to offer a mild conjecture that the town will go "dry" by a slight majority.

—DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Miss Mary McRhester is visiting friends in Bridgeton, Mo.

—Mr. Murphy, of Chicago, is putting up gas works in the rear of the Gilcher Hotel building with the object of lighting the hotel with gas.

—To day is the day for the re-union of Federal soldiers at Perryville. Capt. Geo. H. Dobynes, of this place, a member of the reception committee, informs your correspondent that probably 500 veterans will be present.

—Albert Sallee and Wm. Builer, the only two persons convicted of felony at the late term of the Circuit Court, were taken to Frankfort Wednesday. The former goes three years for manslaughter, the latter one year for obtaining money by false pretenses.

—Dr. Clopton, an old physician and specialist, who used to come to Danville something near a thousand years ago, is in town. It is said that Col. W. F. Evans will never forget him, and that the late Wm. Brewer retained a vivid recollection of him as long as he lived. Dr. Clopton is a dignified old gentleman and a good physician.

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—Horse racing in New York State seems to have had its day. The great fall meeting of the Jerome Park Association has been discontinued on account of the refusal of the authorities to allow betting on the horses.

—It is charged that Mrs. Munday, who with her son-in-law, Dr. Walker Davis, murdered her husband to secure the insurance on his life, paid a man named Carter to murder Col. Hawkins, he being the principal witness against her. She, Elkins, Carter and Mrs. Davis are under arrest and threats of lynching are made. Davis is now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary for his part in the killing of Munday.

## MARRIAGES.

—John B. Caenault and Miss Lena Jennings will be married at Richmond on the 12th.

—Dr. R. J. O'Mahony, ex city clerk, and the well-known newspaper correspondent, was married Tuesday at Lexington to Mrs. Emma Myers.

—The marriage of a fine looking old widow and a handsome widow, a few years his junior, which the gossip said was to occur Wednesday, did not materialise.

—Miss Annette Scheuck, a maiden of 30, sued Christopher Mayer, a New York ten-millionaire, aged 68, for \$100,000 damages to soothe her wounded heart, at his failure to comply with his promise of marriage.

—Mrs. Christina Walker, a middle-aged widow of Washington county, eloped with Will Maye, a boy of 17, to Indiana and were married. The parents of the youth had sent him to school at Bardstown to free him of the widow's blandishments.

—Col. Nicholas Smith, Horace Greeley's poetically beauteous son-in-law, is soon to marry again. The object of the handsome Colonel's affections is said to be a lovely and wealthy heiress of the blue-grass region of Kentucky, a cousin of J. Stoddard Johnston and a relative of Gen. Cerro Gordo Williams.

—The marriage of Samuel H. Rout to Miss Luisa Denton, of Garrard, was solemnised at 3 o'clock Wednesday at the home of R. R. Denton, in Garrard, Rev. R. R. Noel officiating. Mr. J. H. Baughman and Miss Dora Denton were the attendants. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Rout came to Mr. F. H. Baughman's, where they were received with a reception that night. Here's wishing them long lives and much happiness.

—The marriage of Dr. J. M. Owens and Miss Mollie Owene was solemnised at the residence of the bride's mother, in this county, Tuesday at 1:30 o'clock by Elder John Bell Gibson. Mr. C. F. Forman and Mrs. Lou Montgomery were the attendants. After hearty congratulations the new couple left for Somerset, where they will reside. Miss Mollie is a handsome and lovable young lady and the doctor is said to be a most worthy and promising young physician.

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THE JUDGE'S WOOING.

Monsieur Zacharias Seller, an old judge of the tribunal of Stantz and member of the grand council of Lucerne, after having slept for twenty-five or thirty years through the clamors of the advocates on his circuit, had obtained the favor of withdrawing to his snug villa, situated on the Kusnacht street, near the German gate. There he was enjoying himself under the supervision of his old housekeeper, Therese, a devoted person with a crooked nose and a chin garnished with a thin, gray beard.

These two, full of indulgence for one another, respected their reciprocal manias. Therese looked after the household admirably, ironed the linen, and took care to renew monsieur's stock of tobacco, shut up in a large stone jar, after which she was at liberty to attend to her birds, read her prayer book and go to mass.

Monsieur Zacharias was approaching his 60th year, was a wig, and had no other distinction than to cultivate a few flowers and read the morning paper. This was well enough for a time, but there came a morning when the world seemed a blank. He said to himself that he needed something more exciting than to watch flower pots in window and begot himself in the mazes of stupid politics. He was very thoughtful for some days, but one evening, after supper, a bright idea came into his head. "I will have it; I will go fishing," he cried, clapping his hands so loud that Therese called out from the next room: "What is the matter, monsieur? the night think you had a fit."

The idea thus suddenly born proved to be a stubborn one, and the morning on which Monsieur Seller first set out, provided with a pole, a big straw hat, a fishing bag, and other accessories, was a veritable affair of state.

Therese was greatly displeased at this new turn in affairs. She muttered to herself and had moments of impatience, and was obliged to go to confession twice oftener during a month than had been her custom. But, for all that, she was forced to conform to the new order of things.

For example, whenever monsieur was seized with a desire to go fishing, the excellent man, who deplored to himself his futility, would look up at the sky, and say with a melancholy shake of the head: "It is very fine this morning, Therese. What weather! Not a drop of rain for three weeks!"

Therese would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer book, she would go to find the fishing bag, the waistcoat, and the big hat of her master. Then the old judge would become animated; he would rise up briskly and say:

"This is an excellent idea of yours, Thérèse. I will go fishing."

"Very well, monsieur, but be sure to return at 9 o'clock. The evenings are cool now."

One day in the month of July, 1843, toward 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Zacharias found his fishing bag so full of salmon trout that he did not wish to take any more, because, as he said to himself, it was necessary to leave some for the next day. After having washed his fish in a neighboring spring, and wrapped them carefully in order to keep them fresh, he fell so sleepy that he thought he would take a nap in the leather, and wait until the shadows were longer to mount the side of Bigelberg.

Then, having broken his crust of bread and moistened his lips from his little bottle, he clambered fifteen or twenty steps below the footpath, and lay down in the shade of the fir trees upon the moss, his eyelids growing heavy.

Never had the old judge been so sleepy. The oppressive heat of the sun, darting its long arrows of gold into the shadow of the wood, the murmur of insects upon the side of the hill, in the meadows and on the water, the distant cooing of ring doves squatted under the somber shade of the beech trees, formed such a grand harmony that the soul of Zacharias melted away in the universal concert. He yawned, opened his eyes, and saw a troop of jaybirds traversing the foliage; then turning his thought he saw the cork on his line whirl and descend; a salmon was caught; he was pulling it out; the pole bent in a semi-circle. The good man was sleeping profoundly. He dreamed, and the vast orchestra pursued about him its eternal music as the time passed on.

A thousand animated beings had lived their life of an hour when monsieur, the judge, awoke at the whistle of some bird he was not acquainted with. He sat up to see, and conceive his surprise. The strange bird was a young girl of 17 or 18 years old, with rosy cheeks and red lips, her brown hair floating in long tresses a little turned up nose, a short petticoat of the color of corn poppies—a young peasant girl, who was descending from above by the sandy footpath of Bigelberg, a basket poised on her head, and her arms, sunburned, but round and plump, resting on her hips. At sight of her Zacharias was deeply moved. He blushed, and rising said: "Good day, my beautiful child!"

The young girl stopped, opened her eyes wide and recognized him, for who in all the country did not know the worthy judge?

"Hé," said she, with a smile: "this is Monsieur Zacharias Seller!"

The old man descended into the path. He wanted to speak, but he only stammered some unintelligible words, like a very young man, so that the young girl appeared much embarrassed. Finally he made out to say:

"Where are you going through the wood at this hour, my child?"

She pointed out to him, in the distance, at the bottom of the valley, the house of a forester.

"I am returning to my father, Yeri Foerster, whom you know without doubt, Monsieur Judge."

"So you are the daughter of the worthy Ven! You are the little Charlotte of whom he often speaks when he brings me his reports."

"Yes, Monsieur Judge."

"Very well, I will accompany you home. I should like to see the worthy Foerster again. He must be getting a little old!"

"He is about your age, Monsieur Judge," said Charlotte simply, "about 60 years old."

This artless response brought the good man to his senses, and as he went along he became very pensive. What were his thoughts? No one knows, but how many times it had happened that a good and worthy man, who imagines himself to have discharged all his duties, has belied by discovering that he had neglected the greatest, the holiest, the most beautiful of all, that of marrying in his youth a good and noble woman, and remaining true and loving to her ever after. And that it cost him to think it was now too late!

Soon Zacharias and Charlotte reached the turn in the valley where the path passed over a little bridge, and led direct to the forester's house. That worthy man was seated on the stone bench by his door, with a sprig of broom corn in his hand, and two hunting dogs stretched at his feet, and recognizing with his piercing eyes the judge and his daughter in the distance, he came to meet them, raising his felt hat in salutation.

"Good day, Monsieur Judge," said he, with the frank and cordial air of the mountainmen, "what happy circumstances procure me the honor of such a visit?"

"Master Yeri," replied the good man, "I have tarried in the mountains until it is too late to go home. Have you a little corner

vacant at your table, and a bed at the disposal of a friend?"

"Hey!" cried the forester, "if there was but one bed in the house, should it not be for the best, the most honored of our ancient magistrates of Stantz! Ah, Monsieur Seller, what an honor you do to the humble dwelling of Yeri Foerster!"

And mounting the six steps before the door he cried out: "Christina, Christina, run to the cellar, Judge Zacharias Seller has come to repose under our roof!"

At this very little old woman, with a figure as stiff as ramrod, but still fresh and smiling, appeared upon the threshold, and disappeared immediately, muttering: "Yeri Foerster do to the humble dwelling of Yeri Foerster!"

"Oh, God! Is it possible! Monsieur the Judge?"

"Ah, my good people," said Zacharias, "in truth you receive me too kindly."

"Monsieur," replied the forester, "if you forget the good you have done others do not."

Well, if the truth must be told, Judge Zacharias passed the evening with Yeri Foerster and his family, forgetful of the inquietudes of Therese, his promise to be at home by 7 o'clock and his old habits of order and submission.

Imagine to yourself that humble sitting room, with its ceilings streaked with brown girders, the round table in the midst with its dish of trout and plates of fruit and honey, yellow as gold, and worthy Papa Zacharias presenting each in turn to Charlotte, who dropped her eyes, astonished at the complements and tender words of the old man.

"Ah, Monsieur Judge, you are too good," said Christina. "You do not know how much vexation this little one gives us. You will spoil her with so many fine words."

"Dame Christina," replied Zacharias, "you possess a treasure. Miss Charlotte merits all I have said of her."

Then Yeri, raising his glass, cried: "To the health of our good and venerable Judge Zacharias, and all drunk to the toast."

"Ah!" thought the judge, "what happiness it would be to live here with Charlotte for a companion, at four steps from the river, where one could throw in a line from time to time and follow the chase with Father-in-law Yeri Foerster, raising the echoes round about. Ah! what an existence!"

When the clock struck 11 he rose. How young and fresh he felt! With what ardor he would have placed a kiss on Charlotte's little hand, only he must not yet. He must wait.

"It is time for sleep, Master Yeri," said he. "Good night and many thanks for your hospitality."

Therese would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer book, she would go to find the fishing bag, the waistcoat, and the big hat of her master. Then the old judge would become animated; he would rise up briskly and say:

"Sleep, Zacharias; you are very tired. You have great need of sleep."

At 9 o'clock the next morning he awoke, considerably chagrined at having slept so late after having boasted the evening before of his early rising, and coming down the steep stairs he found only Dame Christina awaiting him, the forester having gone about his business in the wood and Charlotte to have great influence in the administration of waters and forests, and in fifteen days Karl Imant shall be forester at Grindewald. Furthermore, I demand of you the hand of Charlotte for this handsome and worthy young man."

At this conclusion Charlotte, who at first had become very red, and who trembled like a leaf, fell with a cry into her mother's arms. The old forester turned and looked at her with a severe eye.

"What is this, Charlotte? Do you refuse?"

"Oh, no, no, father!"

"So much the better, for I have nothing to refuse to Monsieur Judge Zacharias. Come here and thank your benefactor."

Charlotte ran to the old man, who kissed her with his eyes full of tears. Then, alleging the petition of Karl Imant which he was in a hurry to make, he set out for the city, taking only a crust of bread in his bag for breakfast.

Five days afterward Karl Imant received the news of the death of Grindewald, and eight days later married Charlotte. Monsieur Seller could not be at the wedding; he was indisposed that day, greatly to the regret of the worthy forester and his family. Since then the judge rarely goes fishing, and when he does it is at Brunnau, on the other side of the mountain.—Mrs. L. A. McGahey, in Chicago Herald, from Erckmann-Chatrian.

I will not try to paint the reception which the worthy housekeeper gave him; her reproaches, her rage even. She did not shut her eyes the whole night; she had imagined him drowned in the river; she had sent ten people to look for him, etc.

Monsieur Seller heard these complaints with the same calmness with which he had formerly listened to the metaphors of an advocate pleading a lost cause—he heard, but said nothing.

By the beginning of autumn he had fallen into such a habit of being at the forester's house, that one would have found him oftener there than at home, and Yeri found himself much embarrassed to refuse the presents which the worthy magistrate begged him to accept in return for his daily hospitality. He would shake his head sometimes and say to his wife:

"I never knew a better judge, a more learned and respectable man than Monsieur Seller, but I believe he is out of his mind. Only the other day he wanted to help me build the hut for the timorous, and then he must also help Charlotte turn the hay, while all the peasants laugh at him. This is not proper, Christina; but I do not dare to speak to him, he is so much above us."

"Let him alone," answered Christina. "With a little milk and honey this good Zacharias is content. He likes to be with us, it is so simple here, and then he likes to talk to one little daughter. Who knows but that he may adopt her, and when he dies she would be remembered in his will."

The forester shrugged his shoulders. His natural sense made him divine some mystery, but he did not go to the length of suspecting the lily of the old judge. One fine morning he saw descending the mountain a wagon laden with three barrels of Rikewir wine. This was of all the presents he had received the most acceptable to Yeri Foerster, for of all things he liked a glass of good wine. And when he had tasted the wine he could not help crying out:

"This good Zacharias is the best man in the world. Go, Charlotte, and invite him a bouquet of the finest roses and jasmines in the garden, and when he comes give it to him yourself. God, what wine! What fire!"

Zacharias followed close upon the heels of his present, and felt himself more than repaid by the bowers which Charlotte hastened to give him, while the forester said cordially:

"You must take supper with us and taste our wine, Monsieur Seller. My wife is right to call you our benefactor."

Zacharias seated at the table in the open air, his fishing pole against the wall, Charlotte opposite him and the forester on the right, began to talk of his prospects for the future. He had a pretty fortune, well managed, and wanted to buy 200 acres of woodland on the edge of the valley and build a forester's house on the hillside. "We shall always be together," said he to Yeri, "you with me as much as I with you."

Mother Christina came in her turn and devised this thing and that. Charlotte appeared content and Zacharias imagined himself understood by these worthy people. And went to his chamber that night full of the most blissful illusions, putting off till the next day his great declaration, doubting nothing as to the result. He held Charlotte's bouquet in his hand, and when he was alone felt it kissing it with effusion, weeping like a child, and murmuring:

"Zacharias, Zacharias, you are going to be the happiest of men, and may it please God, you will renew your youth in a little Zacharias, or a little Charlotte who shall dance upon your knees and carry you with her rosy little hands."

As this the good man seated himself, drunk with hope, his elbow on the window sill, his eyes wide open, and bearing as in a dream the frogs croaking under the moon in the silent valley. He had said no more than something like a *couplet*, and recognizing with his piercing eyes the judge and his daughter in the distance, he came to meet them, raising his felt hat in salutation.

"Good day, Monsieur Judge," said he, with the frank and cordial air of the mountainmen, "what happy circumstances procure me the honor of such a visit?"

"Very well, I will accompany you home. I should like to see the worthy Foerster again. He must be getting a little old!"

"He is about your age, Monsieur Judge," said Charlotte simply, "about 60 years old."

This artless response brought the good man to his senses, and as he went along he became very pensive. What were his thoughts? No one knows, but how many times it had happened that a good and worthy man, who imagines himself to have discharged all his duties, has belied by discovering that he had neglected the greatest, the holiest, the most beautiful of all, that of marrying in his youth a good and noble woman, and remaining true and loving to her ever after. And that it cost him to think it was now too late!

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"Good day, Monsieur Judge," said he, with the frank and cordial air of the mountainmen, "what happy circumstances procure me the honor of such a visit?"

"Master Yeri," replied the good man, "I have tarried in the mountains until it is too late to go home. Have you a little corner

"What is that?" demanded he in a low tone, raising the window a little.

"Charlotte, Charlotte, it is I," replied a tender voice.

Zacharias trembled, and as he listened with staring eyes, the foliage stirred, and a young man stepped out into the moonlight. The old man raised himself indignantly, and threw the window wide open.

"Have no fear, Charlotte," said the new comer, "I come to tell you good news. My father will be here to-morrow to arrange with Yeri Foerster about our wedding." Recieving no response, he asked after a minute: "Where are you, Charlotte?"

"I am here," said the old man, turning very pale and looking fixedly at his rival.

"I am here," said the forester, "to speak with a raised voice, the youth said in a loud whisper: "In the name of heaven do not cry out. I am not a thief. I am Charlotte's betrothed."

"Yeri Foerster never told me anything of this, the wretch!" gasped Zacharias.

"No, he does not know yet that we are betrothed. He said when I asked his consent that his daughter was too young; that I must wait. But we have engaged ourselves, my boy. I have told my father, and he is coming to-morrow to see Yeri, and, as I know it would please Charlotte to hear this, I thought I would stop under her window and tell her the news."

The poor old man fell upon a chair as into a abyss of grief, and covered his face with his hands. "How hidefiful! What agonies traversed his soul! What an awakening from such sweet hopes!"

At the end of a few moments Zacharias raised his head and asked:

"How do you call yourself?"

"Karl Imant, monsieur."

"What are your circumstances?"

"My father hopes to obtain for me his place as forester of Grindewald."

"Charlotte loves you very much, does she not?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur, we love each other very much."

"Young man," said the judge in a broken voice, "you do not know the evil you have done. But go now, go. You shall have news from me."

The young mountaineer did not wait a second invitation; with one bound he disappeared behind the great trees.

"Poor old man! I will go to him and tell him the truth."

Toward 7 o'clock the next morning, having regained a little calm, he descended to the sitting room and found Yeri, his wife and daughter waiting breakfast for him.

"My friend," said he to the forester, "I have a favor to ask you. You know the son of the forester of Grindewald, do you not?"

"Karl Imant! Yes, monsieur."

"He is a fine youth, mad, I believe, of good conduct."

"I believe it also, Monsieur Seller."

"He is properly qualified to succeed his father?"

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